The Shaker Evening Sun

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★CADYS MURDERED★

Banquet Is Key To Con Crisis

Mayor Stones of Shaker Heights, confronted by our reporters with the fact that there have been 30 murders this month in his community, stated his complete confidence in the ability of our police department—or something like that.

HE COMMENTED, "In regard to the outbreak of hostilities on a personal level in this most affluent and respectable community, I can only verbalize the fervent anticipation of our dauntless executive force—sometimes known as the police—of apprehending the undoubtedly socially deprived pebbles in the sea of public tranquility.

BESIDES, when you consider the relevant statistics, 30 is not so many. After all, the population of India is 400,000,000, the speed of light is 186,000; the distance to the sun is 93,000,000; and the number of Shaker students absent on February 22 was 384. Now, 30's not so many after all, is it?"

When our reporters pointed out that most of the murderers had been released from the city jail after serving time for commiting milder crimes, he said, "I am currently planning a Parolees' Excellence Banquet for convicts who display good behavior throughout a period of four years after their release.

"WE ARE also thinking of issuing jail keys to the 84 most improved prisoners. This project will be sponsored by the Betterment Association for Deadbeats, sometimes known as the BAD's Club."

Wigglesworth Declares Guilt

The commotion that has characterized Shaker Heights police headquarters since the horrible slaying of the Cady family mounted to veritable chaos at about 7:00 last night. At that hour, 87-year-old Wilfred Wigglesworth hobbled into the station and nonchalantly declared his guilt in the slayings.

The crowd's first reaction was one of laughter directed at the old wretch and his fantasies. However, after Wigglesworth recounted the murder and the police confirmed the details of his story, the mob engulfed the cripple with shrieks of revenge. One furious man snatched the old man's cane and proceeded to deal several potent blows to his head, police said.

When the police reached Wigglesworth, he was crying.

"Well, gentlemen, it's a long story," said murderer Neil McRae shortly after his capture at the Cady home in Shaker Heights.

Mother Mourns Misfit, Neil Knew He Never Fit

Mrs. Neil McRae, mother of the accused, expressed extreme disappointment in her son after receiving news of the murder. She found it hard to believe that such a sweet child could come to such a bitter end.

MRS. McRAE stated that she will always remember her son as a boy. Young Neil was the joy of her life. They shared a love for animals. Neil once sacrificed his biennial bath in order to accommodate a tiger shark. He particularly enjoyed collecting spiders. When he ran away from home at the age of eleven never to return, he took with him his most prized possession, a virile Black Widow.

The mother of the accused always considered her son as being mature for his age. The neighborhood children were forever entreating him to join in their games, but Neil ignored the hissing mobs outside his bedroom window.

NEIL WAS precocious. He dated at six, the target of his erratic passion always being an older woman. He developed a penchant for sophisticated sports such as knife throwing, darts, and stealing. He idolized Al Capone. For his eighth grade term paper he did extensive research on Chinese tortures. Neil was also fascinated by the mechanisms of a guillotine. Neil's irrepressible curiosity was the death of his cousin. He always liked to see things done.

"But he wasn't a kissin' cousin," said Neil.

Mrs. McRae asserted that disinheritance would not even be considered. Neil is the sole bearer of the family name, as the rest of the McRae's will be sojourning in the Siberian salt mines for some time.

Depth of family ties characterized the recently murdered Cady family. In a recent informal family pose (left to right) Gladys Cady, Homer Cady, Elizabeth Cady, and Frederick Cady (seated) turn on the warmth for our photographer.

SHUDDERING SHAKER SHOWS SHAMEFUL SHOCK

Now, try saying that a little faster.

McRae Hits Sour Note With Inspector

Flash! Mass murder rocked Shaker Heights last night! Using a letter opener, mad musician Neil McRae did his in-laws in. Dead are McRae's new bride Gladys Cady, her father Frederick Cady, mother Elizabeth Cady, and brother Homer.

SOME thought that 1966 would live in history as the "Year of the Great Society," or the "Year of Medicare," or the "Year of the Skate-board"; but now all agree that "'66" will forever ring with terror as the "Year of **THE GREAT CADY MURDER."**

Police discovered that McRae had visited the Elbow Room night club earlier that evening. McRae reportedly had a long talk with the head waiter. It seems that he tipped his hand to the waiter, who tipped the police (who tipped the waiter).

THE MURDER took place in the Cady home at 157½ Otherside Drive in Shaker Heights. Lieutenant Mesh N. Berg of the Shaker Heights police guessed the time of the slaying to have been somewhere between 7:43 and 7:44 p.m.

Apparently the Cady family had planned a quiet evening at home. Mr. Cady was practicing his putting, Mrs. Cady was knitting, and Homer was watching television, probably the first half of "Batman." McRae himself was taking a dancing lesson.

McRAE MADE no effort to escape arrest. Police found him quietly munching a Philly's cheroot while watching the previews of next week's "Batman."

Shaker Heights citizens are in a furor over the shocking murders. Police Chief Marshall Dillon apologized that no police were patroling the area at the time of the crime: they were all at the Shaker-Cleveland Heights basketball game.

Frederick Cady, originally of Livingston, Ohio, (since absorbed by Parma) was a wealthy industrialist, president of the Cady Consolidated International Widget Company, Incorporated, Limited. Cady is best remembered for having originated his company's famous slogan, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Inspector Berg Breaks Ice, Snows Press With Hot News

Chief Inspector Mesh N. Berg of the police department granted an exclusive interview to nagging reporters of the *Shaker Evening Sun* concerning the steps currently being taken by the homicide division and all associated departments of the police force in the infamous Cady murder caper, which issue occupies this issue.

The homiciders, as Mesh and his associates are affectionately nomenclated, have been searching through "dead" files which contain the records of cases which bear a notable resemblance to the present problem confronting them. They are also taking full advantage of educational aids available at drugstores everywhere (collected works of Agatha Crispy, Erle S. Housekeeper, John Dickson Bus, A. A. Unfair, Ion Phlegming, and U. S. S. van Dyne).

When asked if people were dying up to their expectations, Mesh replied, "Now is the time for all good bad guys to come to the aid of our hard-working staff. If anyone is about to commit a murder or any other messy crime, please hold your horses. We have no time now to give your case full consideration, since we are overworked and underpaid, a situation which can be remedied at the next election."

Mesh summarized the case as follows: "We perceive brobdingnaggian manifestation of speculation in vicissitudinary interrogative of 'who got it first'. Personally, I think it was Fred, Elizabeth, Gladys, then Homer, although it might have been Elizabeth, Fred, Homer, then Gladys, or perhaps Homer, Fred, Gladys and Elizabeth, or would ya believe Gladys, Elizabeth, Homer, Fred . . ."

Woman's Touch

or

All the Dirt That Fits the Print

by Louella Parsnips

While it certainly is none of my business to talk about yesterday's tragic, brutal, sadistic, and just utterly nasty murder of that darling family from Livingston, the Cadys, my old reporter's nose for news would tell me that this, sweethearts, is a real story.

As soon as I heard the first reports on the late news, I donned my favorite fuchsia knit suit, grabbed my trusty tape recorder, and made a bee-line for the morgue. Well, it certainly was hopping down there. It's usually such a grave place, but last night all the reporters in town were just dying to get in.

Louella

Thought I'd reached a dead end, until I finally used my female inventiveness to slip past the guards: I simply fainted and absolutely the next thing I knew, someone had carried me inside.

The first familiar face I saw was my old friend, I. M. Crooked, the county sheriff. After exchanging the customary chit-chat, we got down to business. "I tell ya, Lou, I ain't never seen a bloodier crime in all my 22 years on the force," he said between puffs of his fat cigar. "But, believe you me, we're taking absolutely no chances with this MacRae character."

Just then Dr. Mortis Rigor, county coroner for the last 83 years, rushed in. He was reluctant to divulge any pre-trial info, but since we are such old friends, instead of his usually informative, "No comment," Mortis said to me, "There's no doubt about it. They're dead, all right."

Meanwhile, the bodies were being wheeled by, and believe me, there was no doubt about it; they were dead, all right. I only caught a glimpse of Mrs. Cady, but I instinctively noted that she was wearin a very attractive dark grey blanket over her entire body and had a simple hemp rope tied about her waist.

Well, dear readers, far be it from me to pre-judge this hideous crime here in print before the due course of law, but that guilty-looking MacRae character obviously must have been acting out of desperation, which leads me, for one, to suspect that another woman must be involved.

EDITORIAL

There is just nothing at all funny or sensational about the Cady murder. It stands as the crudest, cheapest attempt by a small-time musical hack to attain instant fame and national recognition. For this reason, it will be the policy of this newspaper, even at the risk of financial loss, to devote as little space as possible to a sensible, dispassionate coverage of the entire, unfortunate affair.

Neil McRae must, however, not go unpunished. A consensus of public opinion, moreover, backs up this stand. Two of the four people whom our *Sun* reporter interviewed believed McRae to be guilty; one had no opinion about anything; and the other man, the defendant's fourth-cousin, did not want McRae to go to jail, since, "The bum still owes me six bucks." One might logically conclude, therefore, on the basis of this poll that more police dogs are needed on the force.

See It Now!

NOTICE

Due to the recent change to all-number-calling, Sheriff Mooney's phone number changed to 007-4321

WANTED

Muscular boy who promises not to mature. Needed to serve with the Cleveland Indians as batboy—a space recently vacated by Batman.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors:

I would like to commend you on your recently brilliant coverage of the dynamic Cady murder case, which you have reported with such accuracy and alacrity in your fine media of communication.

The details of this case have captured our entire city, and for this case to have received anything less than the best news coverage, which it has received in your fondling hands, would have been an insult to the discerning people of this town.

Thank you for recognizing this murder as the masterpiece of mind-work which it obviously is.

Sincerely,
Neil McRae

Dear Editors:

I would like to condemn you for your recent repulsive coverage of the disgraceful Cady murder case, which you have reported with such little concern for the community as a whole.

You have unethically magnified the troubles of an individual, guilty or not, to secure financial gain. Your treatment of the case started as legitimate coverage of an ordinary piece of news, but it has developed into merely a means to sell newspapers. You have successfully made a mockery of the profession of journalism and your use of sensationalism can only be looked down upon by all.

Truly yours,
Jeff Kern

President to Send Fed. Troops To Shaker Following Tragedy

After fighting off tear gas, police dogs, and armed guards last night, Evening Sun special correspondent Huntley Brinkly managed to gain an interview with the President in the Blue Room of the White House.

"Mr. President, have you heard about the horrible murder in Shaker Heights?"

"Howdy."

"I see. Well, what do you plan to do about the situation?"

"Send in the Marines."

"But sir, I thought you reserved the Marines for trouble spots overseas?"

"Well, someone better oversee this trouble spot, don't you think? How about federal troops?"

"But won't that create additional confusion?"

"Oughta scare the pants off 'em."

"How many men do you plan to send in?"

"Well, with things the way they are in Viet Nam, I can only spare, say a couple thousand."

"And, if that doesn't improve the situation, what are your plans?"

"Well son, you know, we have this expression in Texas, 'Don't try to brand two steers with one iron.' If worse comes to worse, why we'll escalate!"

"Where will you get the men?"

"We'll start drafting unmarried high school students—'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' I always say."

Sagging Teeth
Fallen Knee Caps
Hairy Knuckles

ALL cured with one treatment

USE
"Selkcunkspac-Eenkhteet"

Don't forget—
spelled backwards it's

Teeth
Kneecaps
Knuckles

Then see your doctor!

McRae's Lawyer Admits Client 'Off His Rocker'

Mr. Anthony P. Abogado, the attorney defending Neil McRae in the spectacular Cady murder trial, today made a prepared statement to the press. His statement concerned his planned defense of Mr. McRae.

MR. ABOGADO stated that his client was suffering from "a severe mental collapse" at the time of the murder. He further stated that after a psychiatric examination, Mr. McRae was announced to have undergone a "breakdown in his mental capacities resulting in a temporary schizophrenic, manic depressive, paranoid, catatonic condition." Abogado added, "In the language of the layman, at the time of the murder, McRae was off his rocker."

When asked what led to McRae's mental collapse, Abogado replied, "McRae, a composer of high-brow music, has recently been under a great strain because of his work. For many days before the murder, my client went without sleep. This, combined with the outside pressures of his personal life, contributed to his breakdown."

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Drounitol

Take one pill every quarter hour ——
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Proven effective—100 proof

Obituaries

FREDERICK CADY

Frederick Cady was a renowned manufacturer of widgets in the Cleveland area. He was a trustee on the Board of Directors of Mrs. Weiss's Home for the Depraved. He was known to have said, "No man is an island unto himself—unless he is in Alcatraz."

ELIZABETH HEPZIBAH KLINGENHAMMER

Mrs. Frederick Cady was a prominent city organizer. She organized an organization for the prevention of crime by juvenile delinquents. Founder of Mrs. Weiss's Home for the Depraved, she was known to have said, "No man is an island unto himself—unless he is in Alcatraz."

HOMER CADY

Homer Cady, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cady, was one of the rising young businessmen in the Cleveland area. He was heir to his father's widget factory and worked hard to learn his job. Mr. Cady was present at all social functions in the city and was graduated fourteen-hundreth in his class at Ohio State University in 1938.

GLADYS CADY McRAE

Mrs. McRae was the daughter of the socially prominent Cady family. She was married to Neil McRae, a struggling musician, and was helping him rise to success. Mrs. McRae's debut several seasons ago was the highlight of the social calendar.